

MacKinnon, Una H. Morris  
The tides of the  
Missiquash

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THE  
SCHOOL OF  
THE  
ARTS

DR. H. MORRIS MATTHEW



UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S  
CLUB  
VANCOUVER, B.C.

# The Tides of the Missiquash

by

UNA H. MORRIS MacKINNON



To those who love the dreamy Marsh  
On hazy Autumn days,  
When the salt tide comes racing up  
All fragrant from the bay;  
Who love the winds that ceaseless search  
Amongst the reeds and grass;  
Whose heart their mystic music charms,  
As the singing winds rush past;  
To those who in the humblest flower  
Can see the Artist's hand;  
To such as these I sing my songs,  
For they will understand.

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## THE TIDES OF THE MISSIQUASH

Where does the tide of the Missiquash go,  
When it slips from its banks at dawn,  
Leaving the grasses coarse and rank,  
Drooping, soiled, forlorn ?

On and on it goes racing down,  
Till naught but a rill is seen,  
With the slimy mud on the gaping banks,  
Reflecting the sunbeam's gleam.

When it reaches the sea, does it dip right down,  
Where the blue sky touches the waves,  
To sport awhile, racing in and out  
Through the singing mermaids' caves ?

Does it rove about in the deep sea groves,  
Or wander through gardens gay,  
Where each child of the sea goes swimming free  
Through the gorgeous grass in play ?

Then back with a swishing whirl it comes,  
Filled with the ocean's glee,  
Each crowding wave rushing madly on,  
Striving the first to be.

Twisting in whirlpools, round and round,  
Leaping in ecstasy,  
Bearing on and on through the waiting marsh,  
The strong salt wine of the sea.

Till the yawning banks to the dykes are filled,  
Till part of the precious load  
Is spilled o'er the top and trickles down  
In salty pools on the road.

The breath of the ocean fills the marsh,  
The grasses lift their head,  
Joining the rushes in murmured songs,  
By the rollicking breezes led.

Thus the tide comes back and the river is filled,  
The smell of the sea is sweet,  
But we never can know where the tide has been,  
Nor what it must hasten to meet.

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### A LOVE SONG TO MY BABE

Thou camest to me while summer gazed  
Through riotous bloom of flowers,  
While the generous rose her perfume poured  
On the fragrant flying hours.

My rosebud child! Thou art rooted deep  
In the love-scented loam of my heart,  
With thoughts and prayers and hopes like flowers  
Entwined round the spot where thou art.

The garden birds on the golden air,  
Their wild sweet melodies fling,  
But only to thee, my flower-child,  
Will my heart its love song sing.

## SUNSET ON THE MARSHES

A flood of crimson splendour,  
A field of yellow gold,  
Flecked with little purple cloudlets,  
Like lambs within a fold.  
A glow of golden glory,  
A lingering blaze of light,  
Where the sun is slowly dropping,  
'Neath the hazy hills from sight.

The flood tide in the river  
Has risen to the bank,  
Now, like a thread of silver,  
It winds through grasses rank,  
Save where a sunbeam, dipping,  
Reflects its fiery glow,  
Or the gentle West wind's kisses,  
In sparkling ripples show.

The flat green velvet marshes,  
Most wondrous colours take,  
Which every moment changing,  
A gorgeous picture make.  
Now, slowly, slowly passing,  
The pageant fades from sight,  
The evening breeze is sighing,  
The day is gone! 'Tis night!

## HIGH TIDE AND SETTING SUN ON THE MISSIQUASH MARSHES

The day is growing old,  
The noisy wind which all day long  
Rollicked across the marsh,  
Searching for what it never seems to find,  
Has ceased its quest.  
Enchantment seems to lurk  
In shadows long and deep,  
Which take fantastic shapes  
Upon the trembling grass.

A stir, a whisper in the air is heard  
That the great wizard of the East,  
His journey to the West has almost made;  
In eager silence Nature waits  
The pageant of his passing through the gates.  
The long blue line of hills beyond the marsh  
In expectation stands,  
With soft grey clouds like silken sails,  
Rolling and billowing softly  
In the winds above.

Now with his magic brush upon the mist,  
The mighty sorcerer, in splendour prodigal,  
Scatters his gorgeous dyes.  
The waters of the Bay like floor of gold,  
Reflect the glittering clouds,  
While one long arm, like silver dart,  
Pierces the marsh's heart;  
A glittering thread, the river winds its way  
Between restraining dykes.

The swelling tide, new sent from Ocean's breast,  
Chafes at these bounds,  
Which here and there it leaps,  
The salty waves dancing in little pools  
Upon the road;  
A fluttering wind, child of the Ocean's breast,  
Follows the tide. Its trailing wings  
Bear on and on,  
The strong salt fragrance of the sea.

Stately and slow, painting as he goes  
His radiant sign as Monarch on the clouds,  
In purple, crimson, azure, rose and gold,  
The sun goes through the gates,  
Which drifting clouds like pages dressed in gold,  
Close fast behind him.  
The colours slowly passing  
One by one, turn to a tender blue.

The wind again begins its anxious search  
Amongst the shaking rushes,  
While far away the waters of the Bay  
Lapping its shores are heard.  
Now lingering night is seen beneath the hills,  
She hesitates, then with a gesture swift  
She covers with her cloak the lovely scene,  
Then silently goes on.

## THE WIND

Oh, the wind is my lover and I am his,  
From out of the great wide space,  
On his perfumed wings he comes with a rush,  
To wrap me in his embrace.

His breath is the fragrance of wondrous flowers,  
That in fields of Orient bloom,  
The song he sings is a mystic song,  
With a low, sweet, lilting tune.

The waving trees in the chorus join,  
The grasses murmur it low,  
That the wind is my lover and I am his,  
They all of them seem to know.

His kisses fall on my glowing cheek,  
I love to feel them there;  
Like a benediction whispered low,  
Is his light caress on my hair.

Thus on and on through the sunlit day,  
True lovers both, we roam,  
But when sunset comes we say farewell,  
And my lover, the wind, goes home.

I am alone, but to me there comes  
Never a touch of sorrow,  
For in my ear he whispered low,  
“I will come again tomorrow.”

## A U T U M N

Sweet Summer's Maids came tripping by,  
With roses in their hair.

Their fragrant garments flung around  
A perfume rich and rare.

E'er we could number half their charms,  
Or learn the songs they sang,  
They passed away. To fill their place,  
Their sister, Autumn, sprang.

So still she stood, the blades of corn  
Their murmuring music ceased.  
The trees were mirrored in the lake,  
Which not a ripple creased.

Most lovely was she standing there,  
In robes of yellow gowned,  
With golden wheat and poppies red,  
Embroidered all around.

The swelling fruit on orchard trees,  
Crimsoned, her glance to meet.  
The purple grapes on every vine,  
Poured forth their odours sweet.

Their fragrant breath the Northland reached,  
The Ice King woke from sleep,  
Then bending from his glistening throne,  
He kissed the maiden's cheek.

Scarlet she blushed. Her crimson cloak  
To the hills around she threw,  
Then scattering gifts of fruit and grain,  
Sighing, she passed from view.

## MY VINE

"Twas just a twig,  
Torn from the parent vine,  
Then dashed to earth  
By April's frolic wind,  
Which, wildly glad  
In this new, sweet springtime,  
O'er the broad marshes romped  
In rapture mad.

I planted it.  
"Here, Mother Earth,  
This little twig is mine,  
I place it thy breast.  
Oh, make it thine!  
In thy brown bosom hid,  
Is life's sweet wine.  
Oh, with it nourish well  
This twig of mine."

I left it there.  
With joy I saw it grow,  
Two tender leaves,  
Then long, green fingers show;  
Like infant's hands,  
They wildly waved around,  
Until the friendly lattice  
They had found. ,

The Seasons passed.  
Undaunted in its climb,  
The little twig  
Is now a spreading vine.  
Along the eaves  
Its slender fingers cling,

Its roving branches  
Past my window fling.

The singing birds  
Find sanctuary there,  
In cool green shade  
From Summer's torrid glare.  
When morning dews  
Are glittering on the vine,  
Their hymns of joy  
Go up, and waken mine.

When night has come,  
Before that leafy screen,  
With open window,  
There I kneel unseen,  
Pour out my prayers,  
With the leaves' songs to rise,  
To the great God of all,  
Past starry skies.

The Summer passed.  
Now gorgeous Autumn came,  
Touched with her hand  
My vine. It turned to flame.  
In brilliant shades  
Of yellow, red, and gold,  
My window veiled;  
Its beauty makes me bold.  
Cathedral dim,  
My room now seems to be,  
Where God,  
Through scarlet leaves,  
Looks in on me.

## A WINTER HOUR

Out from the grimy town I wandered far;  
I sought the forest, that Cathedral old,  
Whose white-paved aisles reflected, here and there,  
The crimson glances of the low-hung sun.  
Glistening with diamonds from the North Wind's  
wing,  
The soft, pure snow covered the earth's brown  
breast,  
Where, safe within their Mother's pulsing heart,  
The children of the soil now sleep, and dream  
Of Spring, of Summer days, of racing brooks,  
Of singing birds, warm sun, and clear blue skies,  
In slumber listening for the brooklet's song,  
When Winter's seals by soft South Winds are burst.

The great wide branches of the leafless trees,  
Pregnant with life, and hope, swayed back and  
forth,  
Low-crooning to their brown-wrapped tender babes,  
Whose birth awaits the warmth of summer days.  
The swinging tassels of the pine chimed low,  
Like distant bells from an old church's tower;  
The sweet perfume of hemlock and of fir,  
Blent with the fragrant breath of spruce and pine—  
A fitting incense for that solemn place,—  
Filled all the air, reaching to heaven high,  
While all the evergreens within the wood,  
Chanted melodious liturgies of song,  
Led by the breeze which sang within the trees.

Oh, Sacred Place! Oh, solemn peaceful hour!  
Venite exultemus fills my heart!  
Yet who am I that should be so bold?  
Where Nature worships, dare I raise my voice?

## HOLLYHOCKS

My Lady Hollyhock stands by the wall,  
She and her sisters slim and tall,  
Soft and clinging their gowns of green,  
Embroidered with colours of silken sheen,  
Lavender, crimson and purples rare,  
With exquisite shades of rose they wear;  
Lovely, indeed, is the gorgeous sight,  
Making the garden a blaze of light.

Primly they stand by the wall so high,  
Gazing down at each passer-by,  
Yet gay coquettes are the sisters tall,  
Waiting there by the garden wall;  
Flaunting their colours enticingly,  
They dazzle and charm the voluptuous bee,  
Wooing him from his eager quest,  
To rapturous hours on each glowing breast.

They tremble and wave with gesture shy,  
As each zephyr on perfumed wings flits by,  
They beckon and nod to each passing breeze,  
Dancing his way through the singing trees.  
When the soft young wind comes out of the West,  
Low bending a moment they rest on his breast;  
Then rising again with haughty air,  
They gaze with disdain o'er the garden fair.

The golden hours of each summer day,  
One after the other all drift away.  
Then Autumn's frosts as they frolic past,  
Whisper that Summer is gone at last.  
The Hollyhocks' glories fade away,  
Brown and dull is each colour gay,  
Bent and drooping each Hollyhock tall,  
Grey and barren the garden wall.

## W I N T E R

Gloomy, weird, mysterious,  
Comes the November morn,  
Filled with whispering voices,  
Ghosts of the summer gone.

They sob in the rustling bushes,  
They wail through the shivering trees,  
They murmur, murmur, murmur,  
From the dead brown piles of leaves.

The shriek of the Northern tiger,  
Is heard on the frosty air,  
As horrid, cold and ruthless,  
He leaves his icy lair.

The beast of the North is cruel,  
With grinding, crushing might,  
Snarling, tearing, twisting,  
He sweeps through the ghastly night.

The bare and shuddering tree-tops,  
He strikes with a clattering clash;  
Torn, and twisted, and broken,  
Downward to earth they dash.

Growling, snapping, hissing,  
Treading with mighty crash,  
Driving the tortured snow-flakes,  
With his cutting icy lash;

Stealing the smile from the river,  
Robbing the brooks of song,  
Blighting the buds with his frosty breath,  
Ruthless he travels on.

Silence and death are his comrades,  
As their horrid feet pass on,  
The ghosts of the long-gone summer  
Whisper, wail and mourn.

Over the lifeless landscape,  
His comrades, hand in hand,  
The beast of the North stalks back and forth,  
King of the conquered land.

---

## MOONRISE

I watched the moon come  
Marching out from the far east,  
A thousand cherub clouds  
Before her came, guiding her steps  
In safety past Earth's rim,  
Then sank from sight.

One golden arm she stretched,  
And lovingly embraced the lake,  
Lying, a precious gem,  
Watched o'er by hills,  
Whose long green robes dip in its brim.  
With slow and stately step,  
She paced the smooth blue floor of heaven,  
Her glittering glory covered all the earth  
With cloth of gold, and blotted out the stars.  
In radiant majesty she walked alone,  
Bewitching Queen of Night.

## SPRINGTIME AND MAYFLOWERS IN NOVA SCOTIA

Now noisy March has sung his rough farewell,  
April's sweet magic breaks his frosty spell.  
Beneath the firs the cold white snow lies still,  
But pulsing warm the brown breast of the hill;  
Spring glances smiling at each lovely glade,  
Then veils her face and weeps, sweet fickle maid!  
Robed in soft, glistening grey, she paces slow,  
While in each dainty footprint emeralds glow;  
At her advance the brooks with music ring,  
Sweet is the merry song I hear them sing.

"Race and sing! Race and sing!  
Once again has come the Spring.  
Sing and glide! Sing and glide!  
Through the steaming meadows wide,  
Sing for joy, the Spirng is here;  
Tyrant Winter flees for fear."

Beneath old leaves and mosses dull and sere,  
Spring's sweetest child delights that song to hear,  
Its glossy leaves spread out the Spring to greet,  
The opening buds display their faces sweet;  
Shy, in the moss the lovely flow'rets sink,  
From April's showery kiss, still blushing pink;  
That kiss that woke them from their Winter sleep,  
That sent them forth their troth with May to keep;  
In reverent homage at Spring's passing feet,  
The lovely Mayflower pours her fragrance sweet.  
Then, full of joy beneath the sunny hill,  
The brimming brooklets sing more loud and shrill.

"Spring is here! Spring is here!  
Time most blithe of all the year.  
Whirl along! Whirl along!  
Our chorus joins the children's song.  
It mingles with their shouts of glee,  
As the fair Mayflower's face they see."

Oh, little flower, so fragile and so rare!  
Thy face recalls another face as fair.  
Child of the Spring, her birth month was thine own,  
Its mystic beauty in her feature shone;  
Sweet as a flower, her tender loving smile  
From childhood's sorrows would my heart beguile,  
While later ills and woes dissolved like mist,  
If but my cheek was by my Mother kissed.  
Sweet little flower, her lovely twin thou art!  
In all my thoughts of her thou hast a part!

---

### TIGER LILY

Around her feet she wraps her robe of green,  
New-washed by raindrops, glittering with their  
sheen,  
Above the candytuft and pansy bed,  
Stately she holfs aloft her tawny haad.  
Its glow makes all the garden seem afame,  
A royal queen is she in more than name.  
The pale pink rose looks on in sweet amaze,  
To see her rival's orange colours blaze.  
When the swift breezes 'neath the summer moon,  
Steals from the rose its perfume and its bloom,  
The haughty lily scarcely bends her head,  
Disdainful stands upon her garden bed.  
From her dark, spottéd throat I seem to hear  
Notes of sweet music, chiming low and clear  
Her coronation hymn. It seems to say:  
"A queen am I for one long summer day."

## THE DANDELION

I love thee, starry golden thing,  
That decorates the fields of Spring;  
Like planet bright amongst the green,  
Thy smiling, radiant face is seen.

With thick green mantle drawn around,  
Lowly thou liest on the ground;  
When the warm South Wind bids thee shine,  
The meadows glow with light divine.

Thy radiance all around is shed,  
Thou crown on gentle Spring's young head!  
The meadow lark above thee sings,  
While swallows dip on wavering wings.

A sun god worshipper art thou,  
His yellow colours bind thy brow,  
While all day long thy reverent face  
Upturns, his path through heaven to trace.

With mantle drawn and head bent low,  
Doleful thou liest, filled with woe,  
'Till from night's veil of radiant lace,  
The sun god lifts his smiling face.

I love thee, yellow-glowing thing,  
For this the message thou dost bring,  
That Summer comes with verdure dressed,  
Her child, the rose, upon her breast.

## I WAS BORN BY THE SEA

I was born by the sea!  
My cradle song  
Was sung by the waves to me.  
The old song,  
The low song,  
The song of the ancient sea;  
Over and over they sang to me,  
Their sweet, soft, drowsy melody;  
Sweetly I slept without a fear,  
Dear was the song to my infant ear;  
The old song,  
The low song,  
The song of the ancient sea.

I was born by the sea!  
My fairy tales  
By each roving wave were told.  
Wild tales,  
Weird tales,  
Tales of the brave and bold;  
Tales of the seas by winds distressed,  
Of coral caves where sailors rest;  
Tales of the maids with sea-green hair,  
Singing the songs that lured them there.  
Wild tales,  
Weird tales,  
Tales of the brave and bold.

I was born by the sea!  
My heart each day  
Followed the racing tide,  
To cool depths,  
Green depths,  
Where silver fishes hide;  
To flaunting groves of sea grass gay,  
Through the winding walks of its shell strewn way,  
Where strange, weird creatures rest or glide  
Now in, now out of caverns wide,  
In cool depths,  
Green depths,  
Where silver fishes hide.

I was born by the sea!  
When my day is done,  
In my boat I would travel far,  
On through the night,  
Till flames the light  
Of the shining morning star;  
Joyful, but weary, I'd ship my oar,  
Drift on the waves to that peaceful shore,  
Glad that the tide had borne me far  
To the land of The Bright and Morning Star,  
Safe past the night,  
Till flamed the light  
Of the shining morning star.

## POPLARS

The watching poplars tower over all,  
Vigilant sentinels straight and tall,  
Gazing afar over field and hill,  
Talking, whispering, never still,  
Telling the story of all they spy,  
To the murmuring chestnut standing nigh.  
A prattling gossip it seems to me,  
Is each vigilant watching poplar tree.

Babbling, talking, each poplar tree,  
Sometimes a prophet seems to be.  
Their jangling leaves say again and again,  
"It will rain today. It will surely rain."  
The gathering clouds respond to their call,  
Rain from the skies begins to fall,  
Then the rustling leaves of each poplar tree,  
Shiver and dance in ecstasy.

Shivering, quivering, bent with fright,  
Is each poplar tree through the stormy night.  
The voice of each leaf is shrill and brash,  
Their tossing boughs all clatter and crash,  
Screaming they rave at each lowering cloud;  
In shrieking frenzy twisted and bowed,  
A frantic demon it seems to me,  
Is each scolding, shuddering poplar tree.

The passing hours may come and go,  
Stiffly each poplar stands in the row.  
Watching they wait while mortals pass,  
While their footsteps fade from the mossy grass.  
Never a moment's rest they know,  
Scolding, chattering, whispering low,  
Fluttering, rustling, full of glee,  
As they tell their tale, is each poplar tree.

## MOODS OF OCEAN

### SINGING

Thy cheek, Oh Ocean, blushes rosy red,  
Kissed by the sun now rising from his bed,  
The little winds that skip across the bay,  
Catch from each wave its merry roundelay.  
Now on the beach each dancing wavelet sings  
A song of life, and love, and happy things,  
While dimpling waters chime a dulcet peal,  
As in and out among the rocks they steal.  
Thy music charms, there's magic in thy breath,  
Borne on the breeze from Ocean's salty depth.

### RAGING

Oh, Ocean, Ocean, mighty is thy wrath,  
None but the brave to-day dare cross thy path;  
The winds have lashed thee, cold grey skies have  
chilled,  
Now with a rage unbounded thou art filled.  
On the black headland, on the rocky shore,  
Thy towering waves march up with fearful roar.  
“Wreck! Kill! Destroy!” their frantic voices shriek,  
While mountain high leaps up each foaming peak;  
Death hovers, gloating o'er each raging wave  
That drags a victim down to Ocean's cave.

## SMILING

Thy bosom pale, Oh Ocean, lies at rest.  
Not now art thou by boisterous winds distressed.  
Thy placid bay, responding to her wile,  
Gives to the silver moon a glittering smile;  
While jealous cliffs, disdainful headlands, throw  
Their shadows dark upon that golden glow.  
There ocean voices softly murmur low,  
Like mermaids singing in the depths below.  
Thy breast, Oh Ocean, softly glints and gleams,  
Coqueting coyly with the pale moonbeams.

## SIGHING

Like mighty giant spent in awful fight,  
Thy sobbing sighs, Oh Ocean, fill the night;  
The long grey bar repeats thy dreary moan,  
With haunting echoes from the steep rocks thrown.  
Why dost thou sigh? Is it for souls distressed,  
Forever doomed to lie beneath thy breast?  
Do their pale ghosts, restless on ocean's bed,  
Whisper reproaches, filling thee with dread?  
Oh, all thy woes can never, never more,  
The life thy rage destroyed again restore.

## SONNETS

### I

The blossom of the night has opened wide.  
Within its purple calyx hides the day,  
While night, a gorgeous queen in royal robes,  
Goes moving slowly on her starlit way.  
The West Wind plays upon his silver reed,  
The drowsy notes, down dropping, charm the air.  
The flowerets bow their heads, and offer up,  
Each one in fragrance sweet, their evening prayer.  
The golden lantern of the summer moon  
Swings from the gem-bestudded arch of blue,  
The scented breezes seem to speak your name,  
My heart cries out for you, for only you.  
A night bird answers with a dreary moan,  
As here, where once we sat, I wait alone.

### II.

The pale still night, close-wrapped in silver robes,  
Casts all her glittering glory on the bay  
While at the waving of her golden wand,  
O'er hill and vale black magic holds its sway.  
Strange, weird, mysterious forms with silent tread,  
Within the dense dark purple shadows pass,  
Each one moon-traced and trembling in the breeze,  
That brushes lightly o'er the waving grass.  
Oh, witching night! Grant me my heart's desire!  
My reverent homage here I now outpour,  
With gracious gesture wave thy wand of gold,  
Restore the joys I knew in days of yore!  
No answer comes to my impassioned pleas,  
Though low the night wind whispers to the trees.

### III

Beneath the silence of the night I hear  
Its many voices, low, melodious, sweet,  
Which, rising up and on, may join the chant  
Of those glad morning stars in praises meet.  
The subtle fragrance of the dewy night  
Streams up as incense to the Throne Divine;  
I strive to worship, but my quivering lips,  
One name would utter, and that name is thine.  
Oh, for those perfect nights, now past and gone,  
When you, and love, and joy were all my own,  
When every path we here together trod  
Seemed to my heart with perfumed roses strown.  
Oh, cruel night! Thy glorious beauty chills,  
Thy loveliness my heart with anguish fills.

## WHEN LILACS BLOOM AGAIN

Scent of the lilacs!  
Memory turns  
To a garden by the sea,  
Where the lilacs' scent on the salt breeze borne,  
Like incense seemed to me.

Perfume of lilacs!  
Once again  
In the village Church I seem.  
Where purple and white on the altar dim,  
Fresh lilacs glint and gleam.

Fragrance of lilacs!  
There comes a dream  
Of a solemn, sacred spot,  
Where, sweetly flowering, a lilac stands,  
Shading a grassy plot.

Blossoming lilacs!  
Like purple pall  
Your blooms droop o'er his head,  
Your incense sweet by the summer breeze,  
Is waved o'er his lonely bed.

Scent of the lilacs!  
Lift from my heart  
Some of the lonely pain!  
For I think that perhaps he too is glad,  
When lilacs bloom again.

## THE SILVER THAW

The elves hold carnival today,  
And fairy bells are ringing;  
Across the fields  
Come tinkling peals  
From frosted boughs a-swinging.

The sparkling branches sway and bend,  
Their flashing diamonds blazing;  
Of whitest sheen,  
The frost flowers gleam,  
Seen dimly through the hazing.

Like sentinels the blades of grass  
Hold high their icy lances;  
From shrubs below,  
With silver glow,  
A spire or turret glances.

At evening, when the scarlet torch  
In Western sky is blazing,  
Each frosty lance,  
Each silver spire,  
And turret glance,  
With magic fire  
Glisten with flame amazing.

## OCTOBER DAYS .

October days! Oh, rare October days!  
The golden light through soft blue misty haze,  
Drifts down upon the hills,  
While on the marsh dense purple shadows fall;  
The vagrant breezes murmur over all  
A weird, mysterious song.

The frost elves came and frolicked all around,  
The crystals from their wings bestrewed the ground  
And glistened in the sun.

On the crisp air a warning message came,  
The maple on the hill burst into flame;  
From hill to hill the scarlet signal flew,  
The beeches saw it and hung out to view  
Their glowing yellow flag.

Golden the brakes that cling around the knees  
Of the tall oaks that signal to the breeze  
With pennants darkly brown.

The golden rod now waves her lighted torch,  
The clinging vine upon the latticed porch  
With scarlet finger points;

The hedge, with hips and haws, a wondrous sight,  
Keeps watch and ward, with tiny lamps alight,  
Beside the dark brown road.

Now, one by one the gorgeous colours pass,  
The pennants droop and fall upon the grass,  
All flaming red and gold.

The trembling poplars, shivering birches, throw  
Their leaves upon the meadows green below,  
Where low the cricket chirps.

A pulsing silence lingers o'er the hills,  
A golden quiet every valley fills;  
Still is the thin crisp air.

Then under all a murmured song I hear,—  
Earth crooning low to all her children dear,  
Her drowsy slumber song.

October days! Gorgeous the pageant passed;  
Each day, a jewel rare, shall ever last,  
Guarded on memory's breast.

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## NOVEMBER ON THE MARSHES

The dim November day enshrouds the marsh  
With its grey veil of mist;  
Withered and dead the flowers and grasses lie,  
That late the sun had kissed.

A sad low wind goes mourning o'er the dykes,  
Which seems like summer's soul  
Seeking to find again those flowers and blooms,  
That formed its perfect whole.

No dancing tides between those banks now run,  
Sparkling with life and light,  
But sluggish, dull and grey, the waters glide,  
Like gloomy, starless night.

So sad, so desolate, so lone the scene,  
It almost brings my tears;  
When gleaming, flaming, down the marsh, a path  
Scarlet and gold appears.

I cannot see from whence that glory came,  
That sets the marsh aglow;  
But that behind the leaden sky, God's hand  
Opened some door, I know.

## THE WINDS OF THE TANTRAMAR MARSHES

The winds of the Tantramar Marshes,  
In Summer sing and sigh,  
As with blossom perfumes laden,  
With a rush they hurry by.  
They search through the shaking rushes,  
They tread on the velvet grass,  
Their high shrill chorus echoes,  
As the hasty winds rush past.

The winds of the Tantramar Marshes,  
In Autumn wail and mourn,  
But the scent of the smooth grey hay stacks,  
On their flying wings is borne.  
The tall brown cat-tails quiver,  
As the dirge of the winds they hear,  
While the sportsman's gun on the lonely marsh,  
Brings death to her children dear.

The winds of the Tantramar Marshes,  
In Winter rave and roar,  
Over the frozen grasses  
They rush from shore to shore.  
They breathe of the fogs of Fundy,  
They taste of the Strait's salt sea,  
With battle song they smite the snow,  
Which, rising, turns to flee.

The winds of the Tantramar Marshes  
Frolic and dance in Spring,  
They romp o'er the dull grey marshes,  
While gay is the song they sing.  
They come from the far off waters,  
Their touch has an icy sting,  
But there's life for the faded grasses,  
In the flooding tides they bring.

Oh, winds of the Tantramar Marshes,  
The seasons come and go;  
On tireless wing forever  
You hasten to and fro.  
Restless, forever chanting,  
An endless quest you keep,  
But none can tell from the song you sing  
What eternally you seek.

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### BRAS D'OR LAKES

Oh, Arm of Gold! Thou art the Ocean's child,  
Twin sister to her romping racing tide;  
A restless heart like hers is in thy breast,  
Forever urging, never knowing rest.  
Thou from thy mother's arm hast wandered far,  
Past island cliffs which seek thy way to bar;  
There far and wide thy waters glint and gleam,  
A golden sea, within a bowl of green.  
With graceful curves thy emerald rim extends  
To witching coves and lovely wooded bends.  
The summer sunshine, bending, gilds each shore,  
Where Indian camp fires blazed in days of yore.  
The watching hills which loved to bear along  
The silver echoes of the paddle's song,  
As the long train goes winding round the shore,  
Grimly repeat the engine's chugging roar,  
Or to the boats that in the waters ply,  
Shrilly return a shuddering reply.

On a high headland sleeps that wizard grand,  
Who held earth's voices in his mighty hand,  
Who bound them to a cord and bade them go,  
Swift with their message to a friend or foe;  
Who dreamed, and thought, and laboured, oft alone,  
To perfect for the world his telephone.

Profound his rest all undisturbed by dreams,  
Where the bright sunshine on \*Beinn Briadha gleams,  
While chanting at his feet their requiem low,  
Wave after wave in slow procession go.

Oh, Golden Lake! Thy ocean mother's moods,  
Each in thy bosom surges, seethes, and broods;  
Now grand, immense, thy sullen waters reach  
With dull complaining to each pebbly beach;  
Now in a rage thy white-capped waves leap high,  
While fierce and shrill rings out their wild outcry;  
Now sparkling in the sun and tinged with blue,  
Each curving wavelet shows its golden hue.

In all enchanting, but in all most dear,  
When from the East the moon is rising clear,  
With shadows weird and magic light to fill  
The little town there clinging to the hill;  
Above thy smooth expanse now moving slow,  
She drops her picture in thy breast below;  
The glistening waters lift themselves and gleam,  
Coquetting coyly with each silver beam;  
With murmuring voices as they roll along,  
Softly they sing old ocean's sweet love song.

Oh, Fair Bras d'Or! well thou deserv'st thy name!  
When green and gold thy moonlit waters flame,  
A magic spell upon the heart they trace,  
Which time or distance never can erase.

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\*Beinn Briadha—Pronounced Ben-Bree-ah.



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